

The Tragedie

I will performe it to infranchise you,
Meane time this deepe disgrace in brother hood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.

Cl. I know it please h^e neither of vs well.

Glo. Well your imprisonment shall not be long.
I will deliuer you, or lie for you,
Meane time haue patience.

Cl. I must perforce, fare well.

Glo. Go tread the path, that thou shalt nere returne,
Simple plaine *Clarence*, I doe loue thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soule to heauen,
If heauen will take the present at our hands.
But who comes heere the new deliuered *Hastings*.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord;

Glo. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:

Well, are you welcōme to this open aire,
How hath your Lordship brookt imprisonment?

Hast. with patience (noble Lord) as prisoners must;
But I shall liue my Lord to giue them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall *Clarence* too,
For they that were your enemyes, are his,
And haue preuaild as much on him as you.

Hast. More pittie that the Egle should be mewd
While Kites and Buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What newes abroad,

Hast. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is sickly weake and melancholly,
And his Phisitians feare him mightily.

Glo. now by *saint Paul* this newes is bad indeed,
Oh he hath kept on ill diet long,
And ouer much consumed his royall person,
Tis very grieuous to be thought vpon,
What is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you,
He cannot liue I hope, and must not die
Till *George* be packt with post horse vp to heauen:
He is to vrge his hatred more to *Clarence*,

of *Richard the Third.*

With lies well steeld with weightie arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,

Clarence hath not another day to liue:

Which done God take King *Edward* to his mercy,

And leaue the world for me to bussell in,

For then Ile marry *Warwicks* youngest daughter,

What though I kill her husband and her father,

The rediest way to make the wench amends,

Is to become her husband and her father:

The which will I not all so much for loue,

As for another secret close intent,

By marring her which I must reach vnto,

But yet I run before my horse to market:

Clarence still liues, *Edward* still raignes,

When they are gone then must I count my gaires. *Exit*

Enter Lady Anne, with the hearse of Henry the sixt.

Lady. Set downe, set downe, your honorable Lord.

If honor may be shrowded in a hearse,

Whilst I a while obsequiously lament

The vntimely fall of veruons *Lancaster*,

Poore key-cold figure of a holy King,

Pale ashes of the house of *Lancaster*,

Thou bloudlesse remnant of that royall bloud,

Be it lawfull that Linuocate thy Ghost,

To heare the lamentations of poore *Anne*,

Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy slaughtered sonne,

Stabd by the selfe same hands that made these holes

Loe in those windowes that let forth thy life,

I poure the helpelesse blame of my poore eyes,

Curst be the hand that made the fatall holes,

Curst be the heart, that had the heart to doe it,

More direfull hap betide that hated wretch,

That makes vs wretched by the death of thee:

Then I can wish to *Adders*, spiders, toads,

Or any creeping venomde thing that liues.

If euer he haue child, abortiue be it,

Prodigious and vntimely brought to light:

Whose vgly and vnnaturall aspect

May fright the hopefull mother at the view,